

Memorable

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26884108) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26884108>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Multi , Other
Fandom:	Naruto
Relationships:	Haruno Sakura/Uchiha Sasuke/Uzumaki Naruto , Haruno Sakura & Uchiha Sasuke & Uzumaki Naruto , Haruno Sakura/Uchiha Sasuke , Haruno Sakura/Uzumaki Naruto , Uchiha Sasuke/Uzumaki Naruto , Haruno Sakura/Yamanaka Ino
Characters:	Haruno Sakura , Uchiha Sasuke , Uzumaki Naruto , Yamanaka Ino
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Ruffles in the Leaves
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-07 Words: 1,518 Chapters: 1/1

Memorable

by [Melzious](#)

Summary

Memorable was something everyone wished and wished not to be. It causes an ache, an ache so deep it penetrates your soul, but with the right people maybe, just maybe that ache can be good.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Memorable was the thing she desired most when she was young. The pain of having your name forgotten, for no one to speak it with even disdain. Hatred was truly better than indifference. At least it had some emotion backing it. And emotion was the driving force of the world. People did what did out of a craving for something whether it be attention or through greed or pride of power. She craved memorability. She didn't want lots of attention, no. She just wanted people to look at her and put a name to her face. To recognize the pastel pink hair that only she had. And the sea-green eyes that often foamed with tears. She was Sakura, but no one knew that. They only recognized her as someone weak, someone to make fun of, someone to chew up and spit out like flavorless gum.

She heard the name often, though she did not quite know who he was at first. She could taste the name on her tongue, something faintly familiar but not yet distinct. She heard it often, so very often that eventually she knew the name but not who it belonged to. Sasuke of the famed Uchiha clan. From that, she knew he must have raven black hair and onyx eyes, though whether his face was soft or slightly sharp, she could not fathom the answer to. Then she saw him. She saw him eating alone, leaning on a railing. She did not know what she felt at first. It was a combination of something. Something surprising. It was a combination of admiration and jealousy. She had never really felt jealous towards a particular person before, not even Ino. She admired Ino, respected and cherished her company. She was proud to be her friend, not ashamed of being overshadowed by her.

Sasuke was memorable to nearly everyone. He had talent. He had looks that developed from cuteness to handsomeness as he grew older. And he had the respectability of his clan name. Naturally, he was famous and infamous. Famous among the girls (and a few of the boys) for being attractive and infamous among the boys (and a few of the girls) for being competition. Oftentimes, this grew tiresome and he only wished he could disappear into the shadows. He ate lunch alone and rarely talked, though this did nothing to deter them. He only really wanted to be memorable to two people, but mostly one. And no matter how hard he tried, he felt as though he never succeeded.

His father praised his brother and turned away from Sasuke's achievements. He was too late. Too weak. Too forgettable. While his classmates considered him a prodigy, his father only had eyes for his brother. Itachi was amazing, he had to admit. And Sasuke admired him for that, but he could not keep the growing jealousy. And this jealousy only grew more with the accompaniment of his faint irritation and frustration. He wanted to be like his brother, perhaps even be better. But above all, he wanted to spend time with him.

But Itachi didn't.

Either didn't have time...or perhaps didn't want to. Sasuke would shudder at that thought. He felt forgettable to his brother. He would always ask to train with him, but Itachi would only poke his forehead and shake his head.

“Another time, little brother. Another time.”

There was never another time.

He was memorable in every way that did not matter. It hurt. It caused a horrible aching.

He was observant, so very observation. He observed the boy everyone despised for an unknown reason. The boy, vibrant blonde and very loud, was memorable, though not in a desirable way. Everyone knew him. They knew to stay away from him. They knew to hate him. To hurt him with the toxins of the tongue, the toxins in words. And then there was her. She was somewhat alike to the boy. People knew to pick on her because she would not fight back. But they did not know her name. She blended in inconspicuously, even with her striking hair and eyes. She was unmemorable. And he was jealous. So very jealous. He wished he could have what she had, wished oh so desperately.

So when the day came that she confessed to him, he pretended not to know who she was. He pretended that she was just one of those irrelevant girls that came up to him and confessed empty feelings. Feelings that meant nothing because they were only surface deep. Only hours after did he question his decision. Only hours after because perhaps she too knew how he felt. Perhaps, they could have found kinship in the aching residing deep within.

She did not know it, but she was memorable in every way that she could not see. The blond boy, Naruto Uzumaki, found Sakura Haruno to have a vibrance to her. A warmth that no one could see. It was only surface deep at first, but soon it grew. He began to notice her subtle qualities more. She was intelligent in a different way than him. Book smart. He was intelligent people-wise. When the time truly came, when the time that mattered came, he knew what to say to unlock people's true feelings. The other blonde, Ino, found Sakura to be the beginning of something beautiful. She was a flower bud not yet bloomed. She would be a wildflower, not the fanciest or beautiful, but immensely resilient against the cruel winds of the world, against the winter of the world. And that, Ino thought, was a beauty she herself could never have.

Sasuke noticed another person. The boy everyone spit at. He was determined, dedicated to being acknowledged, just like him. But he wanted to be acknowledged by all, not just one person. He worked hard, though he was not exactly successful. He stood tall against adversity. And for that Sasuke hated him. He was jealous of how much he mentally crumbled at the thought of his brother ignoring him and how Naruto would remain steadfast, only proving to push harder and harder.

“You’re annoying,” he spoke in a monotone voice.

But that only spurred her on. Both her teammates became more memorable to her. Sasuke had his flaws. He was crude and blunt. Naruto was misunderstood and had forces working against him. And she, an annoying girl who only noticed surface traits before, would too become memorable.

She worked hard and developed a type of compassion no one else had. She cared like a sister and loved so deeply that it caused aching in both her and those who saw her for what she was.

And she was a flower, a wildflower. Ino saw that during the chunin exams. She saw who Sakura cared so deeply that she understood she would have to go all out against her the first person to notice her. She saw that Sakura respected her. And she memorized the feeling, the ache she got when she realized she too would have to grow or would risk being forgotten.

Sasuke saw that she was a flower in the winter snow that reminded you that life was still there when she hugged him gently, wrapping her arms around him delicately unlike the hugs she used to try to give with force. Passion could be sweet and gently like a morning bird’s song. She cared, she cared so much it ached. And his jealousy soon dissipated for her. For she had found him, the true him to be worth more than his value.

Naruto became exponentially stronger, and soon all of his former classmates would see that. He was brave to the point of stupidity and recklessness. But that braveness showed kindness and desire to protect and savour every moment as only he could. Both Sakura and Sasuke saw that. Sakura began to see that everyone was wrong about the boy. That he was worth more than everyone in the village combined in terms of morality. Sasuke saw that Naruto fought to become strong not only to protect and not only to be recognized by the village but also to be recognized by him.

And he was scared.

He was scared that soon Naruto would surpass him and become so strong that he would no longer see him as a rival. That he would no longer pay any attention to him. And that fear turned into toxic jealousy.

That fear only grew, but it was for something different. Both Sakura and Sasuke cared for him and he wanted to be respected and remembered first in their hearts. But they were both growing and forming new bonds, bonds that could perhaps become stronger than his. And then he would be hurt again. The aching that Itachi left, the wound he left, would be torn open and all his blood would run into non-existence.

So he left. He left, but he could not forget.

Naruto left too. But he did not forget.

And Sakura was left. Left, but not left behind.

They remembered. And that aching almost felt comforting sometimes.

End Notes

Me? Giving Team 7 the development and relationship they deserve?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!